Supernatural, Dean/Castiel + Sam/Gabriel (+ any), The morning after spending one wild night in Vegas. However, no one remembers what happened. Hilarity ensues when they try to figure out what they did.

Pure crack

Dean is going to die. He is, really! His mouth tastes like he cleaned up the Impala's tires with his tongue, his head has to have some kind of injury, it hurts that badly, and he can't see.

Well. He opens his eyes. He closes them. He can see, but dear god it makes it hurt more with light.

"Mnguah." He says. Memories are coming back slowly, and he might be able to see, soon, but he thinks it's a hang over and hey, maybe he won't die.

Then he realizes that there are hot bodies on top of him. (It's more than one, even dead to the world he can tell when he's being crushed by more than one person.)

One of the bodies twitches, and Dean opens his eyes to figure out who it is. It takes a moment to get over the light, but soon he can see well enough to realize that Castiel is the one collapsed over his chest, and it's probably Sam on his legs.

A moment later he spots Gabriel on Castiel's back, and okay, why the hell are they in a dogpile of angels and hunters?

Also, why the hell are there wigs? And glitter? And oh hell no, that's lipstick all over Cas.

Dean says "Gerroff."

Castiel twitches again, and blinks, clearly bleary.

---(cut here because I am getting stuck. also the angels cured their headaches.)---

Once Dean looks in the mirror and spots the lipstick on his lips, he stops feeling so territorial, because that was him putting his lips all over Cas.

Then he curses up a blue streak, because no, this is not what he needs right now.

Not with Sam using the shower (he was complaining of glitter in the wrongest places, dear god) and Castiel looking just as confused as Gabriel did when Dean asked 'what did we do last night?'

Gabriel offered a 'got really drunk?' answer, but that was obvious, and Dean wants to know if he married anyone or what.

No one has any rings, though, and the only real terrifying stuff so far is the

lipstick.

So Dean finishes washing his face, and minutes later when he's as clean as Sam is and they're all gathered around the kitchen table, they try to piece together clues.

That's when the Cupid shows up. And hugs *all* of them, even Gabriel despite the annoyed glare.

Then the Cupid gives the joyous news.

"We're *what*?!"

"Bonded. Forever. To them." Sam said, flatly, gesturing to the angels. "We asked the Cupid to make it official in Heaven."

Dean decides that he needs to ask Sam to explain again. Because what.

"I don't like it either, Dean-o." Gabriel says, dumping sugar packets into his coffee. "One celebratory night shouldn't lead to me being chained to your soul for eternity."

"I do not have any complaints." Castiel says, quietly, and is that *hurt* in his voice?

Dean gets the sneaking suspicion that he knows who suggested the idea to them. Even if Castiel was drunk, that's no excuse.

But Cas looks at Dean with bright blue eyes and this look, and Dean knows he's sunk. He can't get angry.

"...okay, Cas." Dean says. And Sam's looking at Cas, and Gabriel, and okay. Dean knows who'll keep them together without killing each other.

And okay. It's okay. Dean can live with this.